1607/4459.

JEFFERSON's

POEMS.

30
70
APR

POEMS

BY

Mr. JEFFERSON.

LONDON:

Printed for the Author; and ſold by W. Griffin, in Catharine-Street; J. Ridley, in St. James's Street; and J. Todd and H. Sotheran, and the reſt of the Bookſellers in York.

MDCCLXXIII.

ERRATA.

Page 9, *Line* 6, of the Vernal Ode, *for* Some moral truth, *read*, Some uſeful Truth

P. 26, *L.* 5, of Melcour, *for* To my all-plaintive cries, *r.* To all my plaintive cries reply'd.

P. 44, *L.* 5, of Sapho, *for* coſt, *r.* caſt

P. 47, *L.* 7, of Sapho, *for* Equipt like man methinks the field, *r.* To me, equipt like man, the field

P. 64, *L.* 9, *for* She riſes to her higheſt noon, *r.* Ariſing to its higheſt noon

P. 65, *L.* 1, *for* Unveil'd ſhe ſhews the charming place, *r.* That orb unveil'd diſplays the place

Ibid. *L.* 5, *for* I'll hold her beauteous image dear: *r.* I'll hold my *Jeſſey*'s image dear

P. 97, *L.* 6, of the Fate of Genius, *for* ſucceſs in, *r.* ſucceſs on

BRITISH MUSEUM
30
70
APR

THE

CONTENTS.

Page

A VERNAL ODE - - - - - - - - - - 3

ODE on the Death of a FAVOURITE HAWK - 11

MELCOUR. An Ode - - - - - - - - - 19

MELCOUR. An Ode - - - - - - - - - 31

SAPHO. An Ode - - - - - - - - - - 39

EPISTLE to DELIA in the COUNTRY - - - 49

The WANDERER. An Ode - - - - - - - 61

ODE written in a GARDEN - - - - - - 75

An EVENING ODE - - - - - - - - - 83

The FATE of GENIUS. An ELEGY - - - 91

ELEGY to the MEMORY of an UNFORTUNATE GENTLEMAN - - - - - - - - - - 109

A

VERNAL ODE.

APR
30
70

A

VERNAL ODE.

LO! where the trees in bloom appear
Below the beech-clad hill;
Where refts the wearied woodman near
The murm'ring water mill!

The poplars on the margent green

Wave in the ſtream a pendent ſcene:

Soft muſic ſtrikes my ear;

As ſilken ſails in ether float,

And ſwiftly glides the gilded boat,

That youth and rapture ſteer.

How pleaſing are the rural views,

While here I lie reclin'd!

O come and moralize, ſweet Muſe,

Enchantreſs of my mind!

Here let us think how calm we are!
How free from buſy anxious care,
And Folly's train apart!
How mild, how pure, how chaſte the ſoul,
When held at Reaſon's juſt controul!
How warm, how kind the heart!

Methinks, like yonder bloſſom'd trees,
Man's vernal race appear,
Where now enliven'd by the breeze,
They ſport with roſeat cheer:

What

What fruits they promiſe to bring forth,

The fruits of genius and of worth,

Life's pathway to adorn!

Nipt in the bud by wintry froſt,

Too oft the varying bloom is loſt

Of Fancy's flatt'ring morn.

The bright blue fly that plays beneath

The branches of the tree,

And where he toils with humming breath

The ſweet-extracting bee,

Direct

Direct the ſoul's ethereal pow'r,

To make the moſt of this fair hour,

Awhile excurſive ſoar;

And as the beams of Fancy ſhine,

Aided by Virtue's force divine,

Some moral truth explore.

Miſchance may overſhade the ſcene

Contentment gives to bloom,

And we like inſects from the green

May droop in Sorrow's gloom;

Or Time that ſoon lets fall his wing,

May prove our frolick but a ſpring,

Once cruſh'd to riſe no more:

Let me then wake reflection ſtraight,

Ere Mercy cloſe Heav'n's radiant gate,

Or Hope's fair day be o'er.

ODE

ON THE DEATH OF A

FAVOURITE HAWK.

ODE

ON THE DEATH OF A

FAVOURITE HAWK.

LO! where amid my flow'ry care
The pinks, and the carnations fair,
Poor AQUELINE lies dead!
Fate has bedimm'd the piercing eye,
And from the plumes of varying dye
The vivid luſtre's fled.

What lark, what bullfinch from the grove,
Triumphant in the ſhade above,
Salutes with ſongs the day;
Death to the tuneful tribe to bear,
This Hawk thro' no fair fields of air,
Eſurient, cleav'd his way:

Not once forſook the ſilken reign,
But ſported on this velvet plain,
Or there cool umbrage ſought;

From

From the fair ſmiling morn in ſpring,
When yet unfledg'd this tender wing,
The flutt'rer here was brought.

His wing curtail'd, his courſe confin'd,
I grieve the bird of ſavage kind,
Reſtrain'd from vicious pow'r;
That Beauty's path cou'd harmleſs trace,
(A leſſon to the human race)
Ev'n to his parting hour.

In yonder green alcove or ſhade,
No *Flora*, no *Pomona* laid,
To hear his voice complain;
And inſtant bear of healing pow'r,
Some precious juice of plant or flow'r,
To eaſe the Fav'rite's pain.

Soft ruſtling in the ſummer breeze,
When *Tom* was from the bending trees,
This bird ſtill watchful ſtept,

And,

And, fruitage, rip'ning on the bough,
Which eager ſparrows peck at now,
From the ſly pilf'rers kept.

If we may ſmall with great compare,
Thus flouriſh all the virtues fair,
And arts a beauteous train:
While coward vices aw'd retreat
Far from the high imperial ſeat,
In ſome bright monarch's reign.

But

But ſoon as ſinks the ſov'reign head,
Soon as the guardian ſpirit's fled,
Corruption's band ariſe,
And taint the highly-ſhining hue,
With which each grace to glory grew
In Admiration's eyes.

MELCOUR.

MELCOUR.

AN

ODE.

C

MELCOUR.

AN

ODE.

EAGER to view nocturnal ſkies
Propitious ſtars diſplay,
Or the fair dawn, ſucceeding, riſe,
Of blue empurpled day,

And gladſome ſails with breezes ſwell,

MELCOUR wou'd quit his ſea-girt cell,

Beſide the pilot ſtand;

And, fraught with ſweetly-anxious pain,

Awake a ſoftly-ſoothing ſtrain,

Bound for his native land.

Since, with a pious filial flame,

At Nature's pleaſing call,

He to the ſummer manſion came,

And wept—ARDELIA's fall.

With

With diſappointment now he roves,

Surveying the fair ſcene he loves

Of laun, of ſtream, and ſhade:

And now forlorn in orphan ſtate,

Laments the wiſh'd return too late,

Near yonder aſhy glade.

Late, as the victim of Deſpair,

He croſs'd his tortur'd breaſt,

Guided by ſage yet pitying Care*

Where low the reliques reſt,

When

* An old Domeſtic.

When ev'ning ſhed a ſolemn gloom,
He rov'd around the ruſtic tomb
With many a tender look;
Around beſprinkled od'rous flow'rs,
Bedropt with tributary ſhow'rs,
And oft with terror ſhook.

Down by the grave his limbs he threw
With a bewilder'd eye,
And preſs'd the graſs-green ſwerd anew,
As if he wiſh'd to die.

For me with kind concern, he cry'd,
Full well I know the lov'd one ſigh'd
Ere falling life expir'd.
I once was all her little ſtore,
When all her nuptial ſcenes were o'er,
When here ſhe firſt retir'd.

Soft painting ev'ry manly charm
That mov'd her youthful breaſt,
She lull'd affectionately warm
My infancy to reſt.

Not ſuff'ring e'en the win'try gale
My tender weakneſs to aſſail,
She o'er me fearful hung;
When helpleſs, all my wants, ſupply'd,
To my all-plaintive cries reply'd,
And form'd my prattling tongue.

My cautious guardian, youth's ſole friend,
That with angelic care
Wou'd in diſeaſe my couch attend,
And all my ſuff'rings ſhare:

The

The riſing ſun has ſeen her tears,

Till roſeat Health diſpell'd her fears,

Can I her zeal forget?

Since thus divided, ceaſe to ſhrink,

While on this ſecret ſpot I ſink,

Nor feel a keen regret?

I oft repay'd her care with pain,

Oh! had ſhe lov'd me leſs,

She had not wak'd the moral ſtrain

Of exquiſite diſtreſs!

Yet to what lengths of ill betray'd,
When tyrant Rage my boſom ſway'd,
Impetuous was I borne!
When I each paſt offence review,
And fancy all ſhe felt anew
My very ſoul is torn.

Keen Diſcord that corrodes the heart
Wou'd ſoon ſubſide to peace,
Did friends conſider how they part,
And life's enjoyments ceaſe:

They'd

They not one moment would forbear

To ſhed the love-returning tear,

That from repentance flows;

Indulge a ſentimental train,

And with a nicely-conſcious pain

Each happier ſenſe diſcloſe.

My ſoul as *Alpine* ſnows were white

Cou'd ſhe abſolve each crime:

If ſhe ſurvey'd her paſt delight

From yon celeſtial clime;

She'd ſhare the thought that makes me grieve,

For ever ready to forgive,

To pity, to compoſe,

And ſnatch me to her melting breaſt.

When ſhall I be like her at reſt?

When ſink from all my woes?

MELCOUR.

MELCOUR.

AN

ODE.

MELCOUR.

AN

ODE.

THE form of eaſe, the placid face,
That ſpoke a heart moſt kind,
Enliven'd once by ev'ry grace,
Are pictur'd in my mind:

As

As in the calm, the private ſcene,

Her converſe pleas'd me on the green;

She dove-like ſoftly ſmil'd:

Or when ſweet modeſty that charm,

And conſcious virtue wou'd diſarm

The Forward, and the Wild.

Whene'er aſſimulative Art

Inſpiring bade her play,

And with ſtrong pathos move the heart

In Paſſions fav'rite way:

As ſhe in triumph ever trod

Chaſtely along the flow'ry road,

A model to her ſex:

While the ſweet language of the Muſe

Wou'd o'er her ſoul bright ſenſe diffuſe,

That knew no voice to vex.

Is Truth confin'd? ah no! the ray

Of that celeſtial queen,

Around it ſheds a mental day

Impartially ſerene:

In ev'ry ſtate to each kind heart
Will that a lively ſenſe impart,
And wake a touch divine:
Impreſs'd with thoughts enlarg'd and warm,
Her ſhield each conſcious boſom arm,
And bid its inmates ſhine.

O may the fair example raiſe,
And oft inſtruct my mind!
Whene'er in life's perplexing ways
The rub, the thorn I find;

O may it ſoothe my raging breaſt,
And at this graſſy ſeat of reſt
Make ſoft affections riſe:
And while I melt with filial woe,
Teach me with general love to glow,
And high the flame to prize.

To this conducive is the care
From whence theſe ſorrows drop:
The piercing pang I long muſt bear,
With which I long muſt cope:

Misfortune wakes a ſenſe refin'd,

And learns to make man good and kind,

Like her from whom I came;

Grant Heav'n it prove my ſoul's defence,

And lead to virtuous innocence,

And ſhew me what I am!

SAPHO.

SAPHO.

AN

ODE.

SAPHO.

AN

ODE.

CEASE, gentle Mother, your reproof,
My hands no more can ply the woof;
My boſom feels too keen a pain;
Yet do not aſk the cauſe again.

The

The cauſe my tongue muſt ſtill conceal,

Which ah, I fear my looks reveal!

But from her preſence I'll depart,

In ſecret to effuſe my heart,

And with an anxious fondneſs rove

In queſt of the dear youth I love.

We met laſt night—a ſudden flame

Oe'rfpread my cheek with modeſt ſhame;

And ah, the quickeſt ſenſe refin'd,

With ſtrong confuſion ſeiz'd my mind!

Ah!

Ah! my poor flutt'ring, trembling heart,

Roſe with an agonizing ſmart:

Betray'd by ruſhing paſſions force,

My feet cou'd ſcarce ſuſtain their courſe!

I look'd—my eye a tear let fall:

He turn'd away.—Ah, was that all!

Too lovely Youth! but let him come

In all the pride of youthful bloom;

Let him ſurprize me with his form,

And raiſe my paſſions to a ſtorm:

The cauſe my tongue muſt ſtill conceal,

Which ah, I fear my looks reveal!

But from her preſence I'll depart,

In ſecret to effuſe my heart,

And with an anxious fondneſs rove

In queſt of the dear youth I love.

We met laſt night—a ſudden flame

Oe'rſpread my cheek with modeſt ſhame;

And ah, the quickeſt ſenſe refin'd,

With ſtrong confuſion ſeiz'd my mind!

Ah!

Ah! my poor flutt'ring, trembling heart,
Roſe with an agonizing ſmart:
Betray'd by ruſhing paſſions force,
My feet cou'd ſcarce ſuſtain their courſe!
I look'd—my eye a tear let fall:
He turn'd away.—Ah, was that all!
Too lovely Youth! but let him come
In all the pride of youthful bloom;
Let him ſurprize me with his form,
And raiſe my paſſions to a ſtorm:

A ſtorm like that I long to prove!

Oh! tis moſt ſweet to hopeleſs love!

If his bright eye but on me glance,

Enamour'd my touch'd heart will dance:

And ſhou'd he coſt a ſcornful look,

I'll ſeat me near the murm'ring brook;

I'll weep that I poſſeſs a mind

By Taſte and Fancy ſo refin'd;

By Art and Nature highly taught

So fair a reach of rapt'rous thought.

I'll weep thoſe hours of young delight,

When painted inſects ſtruck my ſight;

When o'er the mead 'twas mine to ſtray,

And catch the glitt'ring fly in May;

When aided by th' ingenious Muſe,

I dwelt upon its pleaſing hues;

I cropt the rich enamell'd flow'r,

Or ſought the cool ſequeſter'd bow'r,

And in the eves of balmy ſpring

Heard *Philomela* ſweetly ſing;

The ſenſe of beauty then began,

Which now aſpires to matchleſs Man.

Oh! when I recollect the face

Inform'd with ev'ry ſtriking grace,

And feel the higheſt, tend'reſt charm,

I tremble with a keen alarm!

O dove-like ſoftneſs! thrilling joy!

Phaon is *Sapho*'s ſole employ.

A fairer nymph he oft may view,

But ne'er can find a friend more true;

A kinder heart, a ſtronger mind,

With ſuch poetic ſenſe refin'd.

That I might love to ſome ſweet end,

Might be at leaſt his tender friend;

At leiſure hours his converſe ſhare,

And tend him with obſequious care!

Equipt like man, methinks the field

Of rural ſport wou'd rapture yield:

I *Dian*-like, platonic, chaſte,

Wou'd never aſk to be embrac'd:

But

But, Oh! ſome circumſtance of truth,

Some emanation of my youth,

Might ſtrike him with ſuch pow'rful charms,

That he might ruſh into my arms,

And on my panting breaſt recline,

Till ſoul ſhou'd upon ſoul refine!

That thought, that thought's too much to bear,

Sapho muſt dote—and yet deſpair!

EPISTLE

EPISTLE

TO

DELIA in the COUNTRY.

EPISTLE

TO

DELIA in the COUNTRY.

EPISTLE

TO

DELIA in the COUNTRY.

AS to ſome ſecret ſolitary ſhade,
To vent her grief retires the love-lorn maid;
The converſe which her ſoul deteſts to ſhun,
And ſigh for that which has her fondneſs won,

Recal how pleaſing the dear man has been,

Image his form, and all ſhe's felt and ſeen;

So you to poplars near the brook repair,

Strike your ſoft breaſt, and droop with anxious care;

Hold ſome lov'd bird, your captive, by a ſtring,

And with kind looks ſurvey the flutt'ring thing;

While notes mellifluous fill the liſt'ning ſhade,

And raiſe thoſe ſmiles the world with joy ſurvey'd.

Beneath the umbrage of the fav'rite tree,

Methinks you ſtartle from your reverie,

As from the hedge an hollo! meets your ears,

And *Spruce*, a village beau, with twigs appears;

Bids you not run, there's neither bull nor bear,

Then leers, and whiſpers why you're moping there;

Swears at the gypſies, rudely ſteals a kiſs,

And reads your fortune in your eyes amiſs.

You ſtare, and frown, he thunders out 'tis ſo,

And pize, what harm the rambling huſſies do!

Proteſts you bluſh, and ſees 'tis all as clear

As if he'd found the modiſh Younker near;

And each ſweet buſs your roſy lip beſtows,

You mean the Spark, and not the bird he knows,

Shrugs, knows it is ſo; thinks you want a ſtick,

Gives you a twig to lend the dogs a flick;

Thinks from their cots the villagers may fly

To ſee a Lady ſo bedeck'd paſs by;

Their curs with fury rouſe at the alarm,

And their ſharp paws againſt you keenly arm,

Leap up perhaps to ſnatch your modiſh gown,

And tear the ſcollop'd flappits dangling down.

The

The Smart himſelf would guard you to the hall,

But *Cymon*'s ſtanding in the lane with *Ball*,

And helter ſkelter he muſt ride to meet

Some brothers of the turf at *Partridge* Seat,

Muſt ſwitch it thither, to preſerve his whip,

Topp'd with carv'd ſilver, and bequeath'd by *Snip*;

Snip, ſo renown'd for many a boxing bout,

Snip, that one *April* morn caught fifty trout.

But Time flies ſwiftly, and you make him ſtay,

Curſes his ſpurs for ever in the way,

Nods when he's diſentangled, twirls his ſwitch,

And bawls out "*Cymon*, have you got the bitch?"

"An happy riddance!" you methinks exclaim,

"The ruſtic Wretch has rais'd me to a flame:

"He ruſhes on me like a beaſt of prey,

"Nor mein, nor rank can awe the bear away,

"'Tis a ſweet creature! O you rural Swain!

"That face, I'm ſure, will never give me pain!

"*Sam Spruce! Will Willow!* what a train of beaux,

"Crop-ear'd, and noſe-gay'd, in their *Sunday* cloaths,

"Humming

" Humming and quidding o'er their drowſy ale:

" Oh, I ſhall hate this vulgar *Arnold* Vale!

" I hate their wake, where clumſies gape and ſtare,

" And hens of uſe prefer to peahens rare:

" I hate cold poſſets, here no ſoul can rhyme;

" What can I think of to divert the time?"

O come to *London*, your obedient ſlave,

But in your preſence is for ever grave;

Your lively humour in a tête-à-tête

Has rais'd his fancy with a ſmart debate:

What

What cap to wear, and how a work-bag trim,

With all the taſteful elegance of whim:

Your pow'rs inventive that can long ſupply

Thoughts on an head-dreſs whether flow'rs or flie;

A ſlevebow, ſtomacher, or apron ſhort,

Have rais'd a field in which the Muſe can ſport.

From you ſhe's learnt more delicate to grow,

And make her numbers more harmonious flow:

But wanting you I ſolitary ſit,

And yawn, devoid of ſpirit, taſte and wit;

Drag

Drag in my elbow chair the tedious time,

Sip my cold tea, or rap my head for rhime;

Pur with my pen, or with my watch-ſtring play,

The verieſt ſilent, abſent thing all day.

THE WANDERER:

AN ODE.

THE

WANDERER.

AN

O D E.

LET me beneath this ſecret ſhade
A few ſhort moments reſt:
It ſeems for love-lorn ſorrow made,
With wand'ring far oppreſt.

The

The village youths have left the plain:

No pangs from fancy rend the ſwain,

From high refinement free:

His reed, and nymph of low deſire,

His humble breaſt with joy inſpire.

Like him I ne'er ſhall be!

How bright breaks out the ſilver moon

From yonder amber cloud!

She riſes to her higheſt noon,

What ſoft ideas croud!

Unveil'd

Unveil'd ſhe ſhews the charming place,

Where firſt I ſaw each angel grace:

I burn, I rage anew.

Still hov'ring the lov'd manſion near,

I'll hold her beauteous image dear,

As when ſhe ſtruck my view.

Can I forget the flatt'ring charm

Of exquiſite ſurprize?

How late with Hope uniting warm,

Love bade bright Fancy riſe!

How

How ev'ry ſenſe of young deſire
With taſte to tranſport rais'd the fire,
Avona by thy ſtream!
Are all the gay deluſions flown,
My viſionary youth has known
Like a fair morning dream?

O has the gentle Maid retir'd,
Felt no remorſeful pain;
Nor once to lure me back deſir'd
In a kind tender ſtrain!

She haply ſtill with cruel ſcorn

Reſolves to leave a Wretch forlorn;

A Wretch her charms have made:

As on the primroſe-ſprinkled green,

Sequeſter'd in the bow'ry ſcene,

Her devious ſteps have ſtray'd.

It now ſeems ſweet to be refin'd

With paſſions ſuch as mine;

Tho' the ſoul's Empreſs proves unkind,

Tho' rage and grief combine.

I prize the ſource from whence they came,
I hug, I bleſs the gen'rous flame
That leads me at controul,
That reigns for ever, ever here:
Ah! as it now awakes a tear,
It now enchants my ſoul!

Sure, if ſhe thought I wander'd near,
A ſigh her breaſt wou'd move,
The ſigh of tenderneſs ſincere,
For her ill-fated Love:

The gen'rous nature ſure muſt mourn
It can't a flame like mine return:
The nicely-feeling breaſt
Or ſoon or late muſt wiſh to eaſe
The hapleſs Youth not form'd to pleaſe,
And ſometimes be diſtreſt.

'Tis ſomething not to be defin'd,
Than beauty far more ſweet,
Muſt make the blooming Nymph prove kind,
And all her wiſhes meet.

The vermil of the op'ning roſe,

The eye that moſt expreſſive glows,

Might fail her heart to ſtrike:

We cannot conquer Nature's fires,

And all that genuine love inſpires;

Nor vanquiſh ſtrong diſlike.

Ah! muſt I want her ſmile's ſweet light

That ſhed celeſtial day;

And here thus abſent from her ſight,

Slow drag my hours away!

My

My poor bewilder'd mind's near loſt:

My boſom feels a death-like froſt;

An agonizing ſmart:

Oh, had one glance at parting ſtole,

One bluſh but flatter'd my fond ſoul,

And rais'd my aching heart!

Alas! I hear no friendly voice,

Once pleaſing to my ear,

Of him who early was my choice!

Oh, that the Youth were near,

That

That hither with a kind intent,

Of ſoothing ſympathy he bent,

Compaſſion to beſtow!

But other thoughts his mind employ,

My grief intrudes not on his joy;

My wiſh he hears not now.

Haply my Angel (whoſe ſoft pow'r

Inſpir'd my tender breaſt,

Impreſſive at my natal hour)

Surveys his Charge diſtreſt;

And

And will a friendly light diſpenſe
To guide my weak diſtracted ſenſe,
And diſſipate the gloom;
Indulgent give a wretch to hope,
Or teach me with my grief to cope,
While thus I fondly roam.

He haply, with approving eye,
Will kindneſs to me ſhow:
Celeſtial minds that ſoar on high
Think not like thoſe below;

Thro'

Thro' a dark medium we behold;

But they, enſhrin'd in purer mold,

Unclouded view bright Truth;

And while the heart's to that inclin'd,

Regard it with a love refin'd,

Nor leave the woe-ſtruck Youth.

ODE

ODE

WRITTEN IN A

GARDEN.

GARDEN

ODE

ODE

WRITTEN IN A

GARDEN.

THE riſing ſun illumes the ſkies,
And cheers the glitt'ring flow'rs,
Diſcloſing leaves of varying dyes,
Refreſh'd by early ſhow'rs:

Some into ſhades of crimſon break,

Some ſoftly ting'd as Beauty's cheek,

Or Morning's roſeat ray;

With golden ſtreaks ſome richly ſtain'd,

With white and purple others vein'd,

Their graceful forms diſplay.

To them the Muſe compares the mind,

Requiring niceſt care,

Ere all her beauties are refin'd,

And form'd to open fair.

As

As blights deſpoil defenceleſs flow'rs,
Vice taints in Folly's thoughtleſs hours
The parent's dear delight;
Preys on the riſing bloom of youth,
And overcaſts the ſmile of truth,
The ſoul's enliv'ning light.

Lo! where a painted inſect nigh
Its vivid wings expands,
And frolicks o'er a pheaſant's eye,
Or on a lilly ſtands.

'Tis

'Tis thus the Youth, elate and vain,
Haunts brilliant ſcenes in Pleaſure's reign,
And roves from fair to fair:
Thus in a light illuſive dream,
He's borne from ſilken ſcheme to ſcheme,
With ſelf-admiring air.

How fruitleſs are the care and joy
That fill his life's poor play!
Methinks he's but a trivial toy,
That life a reſtleſs day.

Like

Like yonder beds the proud, the great,
Diſplay the ſplendour of their ſtate,
In Fortune's fickle ſun:
Awhile they dazzle Wonder's eye,
Then droop, and fade away, and die
Too often ere their noon.

The polyanth, and modeſt Worth
In milder ſcenes delight,
And bring their ſeveral graces forth,
Leſs glaring to the ſight:

Beneath

Beneath the hedge-row violets grow,

And in no varying colours blow,

Yet ſcent the vernal gale:

Diffuſing influence ſweet around,

Great and ingenious minds are found,

In life's ſequeſter'd vale.

AN

AN

EVENING ODE.

AN

EVENING

ODE.

THE colour'd clouds are fading ſlow
Beyond the duſky green,
Where ſank the weſtern ſun below
The horizontal ſcene:

And lo! amid the azure ſky,

The ſilver ſtar of eve on high

Precedes the lunar train,

And ſparkles o'er yon broken tow'r,

In antient times the ſeat of pow'r,

And glory of the plain!

Where oaks extend a ſolemn ſhade,

And breathe a ſecret dread,

Far in the wild fantaſtic glade,

By Melancholy led,

Let

Let me ſome ſeat ſequeſter'd chuſe,

Where I awhile may ſit and muſe,

Beſide the moſs-grown wall:

There oft in ſocial hours have rov'd,

The forms that kindred feelings mov'd,

That grac'd the gothic hall.

How ſuited to the penſive mind

Is the bewilder'd ſcene,

As lies the lonely Youth reclin'd,

That once has happy been!

Ah!

Ah! now Misfortune's darkſome ſtorm
Has ſhaken with keen blaſts his form,
And robb'd his ſoul of reſt:
The ſpring that bids creation bloom,
Fails to diſpel his mournful gloom,
And eaſe his wounded breaſt.

While the pale moon diffuſes light
O'er all the cool ſerene:
Lone *Philomel*, the bird of night,
In her embow'ring green,

Wak'd

Wak'd by the genial breath of May,

Shall charm me with the varying lay,

The captive of her pow'r;

Till Fancy paint each radiant grace

That taught me Pleaſure's path to trace,

Then ſank in Beauty's flow'r.

That Attic Warbler's like a friend,

Who loves the calm retreat,

On whom with rapture we attend,

We part from with regret:

Who,

Who, when the vernal ſeaſon's o'er,

Quits the lov'd haunt, or is no more,

That thought awakes a ſigh!

'Tis well: Man is to ſuffer born,

Till on the ſoul breaks out a morn

Eternal in the ſky.

THE

THE

FATE of GENIUS.

AN

ELEGY.

THE

FATE of GENIUS.

AN

ELEGY.

THE Sun ariſes in th'empurpled ſky,

And ſheds a radiance o'er the plains and hills:

The lark in extacy aſcends on high,

And with wild warblings the ſweet ether fills.

Hortenſio near the moſs-roof'd cot I ſpy,

Where o'er the mead his ſteps invited ſtray;

Soft o'er the morning landſcape roves his eye,

And ſeems enamour'd of the verdant may.

Hither he came in manhood's blooming pride,

Too oft convinc'd of Fortune's flatt'ring ſmile;

In Solitude's ſtill ſhade his worth to hide,

And earn a pittance by the tuneful toil.

Sweet.

Sweet Poeſy (as an hero ſent by Heav'n,
From dire oppreſſion frees a groaning land)
Bids from his ſoul tyrannic fear be driv'n,
And bliſsful rapture riſe at her command:

While ſcarce an object ſtrikes his view around,
From whence he can no hint ſurprizing draw,
Soft as he wanders o'er the verdant ground,
Attentive ſtill to Nature's ſimple law.

Methinks

Methinks Hope ſmiles as now he takes his ſtand,
He highly glows with ſentimental fire:
While float the viſions of enchantment bland,
And the rais'd ſoul to new purſuits inſpire.

The Cygnet, when breaks out the Sun's bright beam,
Can look upon a fair reflected ſcene,
And view his image in the azure ſtream
With plumes unruffled and a breaſt ſerene.

All

All, by Affliction howſoe'er oppreſt,

Have ſoon or late Hope's cheering influence felt;

Have nouriſh'd that fond flatt'rer of the breaſt,

And for awhile upon the promiſe dwelt.

Tho' rarely the warm friends of Taſte and Truth,

Succeſs in life's ſequeſter'd path-way find:

Tho' few are ſuited to the letter'd youth,

And Fortune is to Virtue's beauty blind.

To the firſt notes celeſtial *Milton* ſung,
The public lent not an attentive ear:
What fire had *Dryden!* ſweet was *Otway*'s tongue!
Yet, ah, their fates demand a pitying tear!

But who can hear the living Bard's ſweet ſtrain,
With nobleſt imagery ſublimely fraught;
Nor tremble with a nicely-fearful pain,
Loſt in a labyrinth of anxious thought.

I met him once upon a diſtant vale
With folded arms, and with a penſive eye:
Surpriz'd from liſt'ning to the ſtockdove's tale,
He gently ſtarted with a ſtifled ſigh.

Chill'd by the freezing breath of wintry morn,
The flow'r will droop of bright-expected hues:
The eagle in his airie ſit forlorn,
And ſhrink when he the gath'ring tempeſt views.

The frowns of ſtern-ey'd Dread may oft invade,
Suſpend as oft a meditated lay,
Bid each light viſion of invention fade,
And vex the ſpirit many a tedious day.

Alas! he feels each elegant deſire,
Each tender wiſh that ſprings from taſte refin'd,
With all a ſenſe of beauty can inſpire
In the low cot of Poverty confin'd.

Full

Is there a breaſt in which the Paſſions reign,

That ne'er from Genius knew increaſe of woe,

When that awak'd the ſoul-ſurprizing train

In images of varying form to flow?

When Nature feels its anguiſh will have way,

And ev'ry precept of Reflection's vain,

Whoever heard her in Affliction's day,

Or, if they heard her, felt abated pain?

Time, lenient Time, alone can ſoothe the heart
Of that young Suff'rer to ſupport its grief,
Inſtructive maxims can alone impart
To give the Soul's too lively ſenſe relief.

To contemplation then the Bard inclines,
As his rais'd eye commands the ſpacious plain,
With temperance his plan of life deſigns,
And learns its virtuous tenor to maintain.

Had

Had Fortune plac'd him in an higher ſtate,

Ambition might have hapleſs ſchemes inſpir'd;

Pleaſure have drawn him to an early fate,

Or tainted the fair mind by Virtue fir'd:

To Taſte, and Genius, Youth's a dang'rous ſtage,

Fancy, and Paſſion reign with Syren ſway;

Too much the rapt'rous heart they oft engage;

The heart too weak their call to diſobey.

Full many a grace which lib'ral Nature yields,
Where Cuſtom reigns with Ignorance and Pride;
The bud of beauty nipt in Fancy's fields,
Is from its growth reſtrain'd, or caſt aſide.

But from the Sordid, the Fantaſtic Train,
Here Reaſon can exert its ſober pow'r:
Here can no clouds of Diſſipation ſtain
The thoughtful mind in Meditation's hour.

Here can he toil in Truth's exalted cauſe,
And teach the ſong its graces to diſplay;
Here ſhed the tears which tender Pity draws,
Where poor and mean Affliction drags the day.

Here heav'nly Melancholy charms his mind,
And Life's beſt pleaſures are in that his own;
As on the church-yard ſtone he lies reclin'd,
The fav'rite ſtone, with moſs and weeds o'ergrown.

Wrapt while he liſtens to the ſhepherd's call,

The oar low-plunging in the diſtant tide;

The cuckoo, or the water's murm'ring fall;

While ſpreads the bow in heav'n's own colours dy'd.

While ſets amidſt the arching trees the ſun,

Whoſe rays withdraw from off the launy ſcene,

And laden homeward when his toil is done

The hedger paces o'er the duſky green.

A warmth of gratitude illumes his look,

If lowly ſeated he his friend eſpy,

Who aſks no more: Oft leaning on his crook,

He turns, and views the Youth with bright'ning eye.

ELEGY

TO THE MEMORY OF AN

UNFORTUNATE GENTLEMAN.

ELEGY

TO THE MEMORY OF AN

UNFORTUNATE GENTLEMAN.

ELEGY

TO THE MEMORY OF AN

UNFORTUNATE GENTLEMAN.

AH, too advent'rous! has he dar'd to ſkim
Beyond his compaſs in the ſummer ſtream;
And was no ſhepherd on the neighb'ring plain,
What time he trembled with ſurprizing pain;

Implor'd

Implor'd aſſiſtance with a fearful eye,

And weakly ſtruggling heav'd a weary'd ſigh?

No kindred feelings cou'd he there impart

In the laſt language of the fault'ring heart:

Confuſion there o'ercaſt the beauteous mind,

And the drench'd form cou'd no ſupporter find.

Quiv'ring he fell where the low weſtern breeze

But wav'd the ruſh, and murmur'd thro' the trees;

While the lone herd that on the margent graz'd,

What time he periſh'd on the water gaz'd.

Helpleſs

Helpleſs he fell from each terreſtrial care,

For the great change unable to prepare;

To Heav'n, expiring, pour one fervent ſtrain,

And cleanſe the ſoul from e'en one human ſtain.

For ah, what Youth of ſome weak ſtain's devoid,

Tho' moſt exalted, and the beſt employ'd;

Tho' his fair thoughts the nobleſt acts intend,

And fix, for ever fix the genuine friend:

Yet Pleaſure on thy pathway with deſire,

Will varying Fancy wake a dazzling fire;

Impetuous drive him where the Paſſions rave,

Drown Reaſon's voice, and hold the mind a ſlave.

That thought awakes an agonizing care,

And prompts to righteous Heav'n a fervent pray'r:

Look down, dread Pow'r, look down with pitying eye

On the poor reliques as they naked lie:

Let kind compaſſion move thy Parent Breaſt,

And raiſe the parted ſoul to Realms of Reſt:

Hear by thy ſeat his weeping Angel plead,

Oh hear his Friend, and eaſe the pangs of dread!

His

His Friend, thus trembling near the fav'rite ſtream,

Where we in happier hours were wont to ſkim;

Refreſh our forms, relaxing joys purſue,

And make the ſcenes of Science charm anew.

When ſpring, when ſummer wakes the balmy gale,

Where *Harrow* crowns, or *Iſis* cheers the vale,

No more oblivious of ſcholaſtic care

For cool refreſhment ſhall we hence repair:

No more together trace the margent green,

Or ſkim with ſafety thro' the flood ſerene:

No more enamour'd midſt a gay reſort,

Propoſe the rural ſcheme, the rural ſport.

Some bright companion with ſuperior pow'r

Of varying ſenſe, may gild a future hour;

But ſhou'd that ſenſe diffuſe no partial ray,

While Genius floats ſhou'd no affections play;

Wrapt ſhou'd I liſten with no cordial flow,

But meteor-like each fleeting grace wou'd glow;

Ah, my void breaſt wou'd tremble with deſire,

My quick emotions more, far more require;

For

For more awaking exquiſitely ſpring,

And at the heart ſtrike ev'ry tender ſtring.

Was it for this, that in high rapt'rous Youth,

I beat for that fond, kindred breaſt of Truth;

My early fancy form'd a calm retreat,

Where I in converſe with my friend might meet;

Or feel, divided from his faithful arms,

Expected pleaſure with reſiſtleſs charms?

In that ſpring ſeaſon when our views are fair,

Romantic Friendſhip's reign intent to ſhare.

We think there's nothing can delight impart,

Like that which riſes from a conſtant heart;

An heart by which when abſent, when remov'd,

Hope ſtill perſuades us we are warmly lov'd;

Which, aiding Fancy, brightens in the eye,

Feels a live ſenſe, and lifts a virtuous ſigh;

Recals what once we were, or ſtill we are,

And proves a ſtrong anxiety of care;

Of care that ends not with the parting breath,

But ſeeks the Fav'rite in the realms of Death:

Ev'n o'er his bones excites a guſhing tear,

And all the anguiſh of a pang ſevere.

Alas! no traces here ſhall now remain,

That e'er my FARRER trod the neigh'bring plain;

Save when yon woodman from the duſky ſhade,

Shall mark the ſpot where late he periſh'd laid;

And for freſh chaplets when the nymphs appear,

Their gentle boſoms melt and tremble here;

Here the kind tears of his aſſociates flow,

While with remembrance of the paſt they glow;

Glide

Glide ſlowly ſolemn in their ev'ning boat,

And on the lute awake a plaintive note.

Oft have I thought, but now I truly know,

Short is Man's bliſs, and tranſient all below:

Whatever ſenſe the faireſt eyes reveal;

However organiz'd his frame can feel;

Tho' rapt'rous nights, tho' ſweetly ſocial days,

And lib'ral arts the raviſh'd ſpirit raiſe;

Tho' Fame's ſtrong impulſe lift the genius high,

And Nature opens on his magic eye;

He ſee, ſelect, and form each happier charm,

That ruſhes on the ſoul with keen alarm,

Tranſports and leads him to the nobleſt end,

Where taſte refin'd and melting beauty blend.

Yet Oh, tis pleaſing mid the pangs I prove,

To think once mutual was our friendly love;

To think tranſcendent merit once below,

Once deign'd on me that bleſſing to beſtow;

Inſpir'd my voice ſuperior ſtrains to ſing,

And bade high tranſports in my boſom ſpring.

Thoſe dear ideas ever at my heart,

Shall ſomething inexpreſſive oft impart,

Till all my ſorrows, all my cares are o'er,

And my poor beating heart can feel no more.

F I N I S.